

# INLAND WASHINGTON HAS BRIEF TASTE OF NAUTICAL PARTIES

and sprang who piped the note, "blue over the side," with a vicious shriek of the bagpipes, or a glimpse of the chaplain wearing a black clerical vest and a mortar board hat with his immaculate white ducks.

Admiral Pakenham greeted his guests at the head of the company, the Raleigh's commander, Capt. Arthur Bromley—a fine figure of a man, with sea blue eyes—bearing him company until some of the girls, with whom he was a great favorite, carried him off to dance. The guests who could tear themselves away from the pretty scene on deck were taken over the ship under escort of her officers and there was a jolly little gathering in the ward room about—was it a punch bowl? On deck, meanwhile, refreshments were being served and a very nautical drink concocted of lime juice.

Looking over the Raleigh, I was taken back to that summer three years ago when I chanced to be in Quebec at the time of the arrival of the Prince of Wales and went aboard the cruiser Renown on which he traveled. We went all over her then and were even permitted to peep into the prince's quarters.

I was proud of our Washington girls on Monday, for I never saw them look prettier. They seemed to be a hand-picked lot, Lindsay Wood, Mildred Bromwell, the two Harding girls, Margaret and Alice; Margaret Flint, from New York; Anna Hamlin, Delphine Hoyt—most of them members of the little crowd which has always played round with the British bachelors and which helped to make pleasant the visit of the Prince of Wales in Washington, or girls who had learned to know and like Admiral Pakenham, Captain Bromley and the officers of the Raleigh during a winter spent in Bermuda.

Among the men, naval officers were in the majority, the Britishers wearing white uniforms and our American officers being about equally divided between white and blue. General Pershing was there, always a striking figure in his perfectly fitting olive drab uniform; and a dozen people asked me who was the good-looking officer in the gray-blue uniform of the British flying corps. It happened to be Wing Commander Christie, who has succeeded Air Commodore L. E. O. Charlton as air attaché at the embassy and who has taken an apartment at 2400 Sixteenth street. I'm told he is a bachelor and he certainly is good looking, tall, broad-shouldered, with fine blue eyes and what has been aptly described as a "winsome approach."

THE departure of the Raleigh seems to have been the signal for the dispersing of the British embassy staff. The British Ambassador and Lady Geddes left town on Thursday, Lady Geddes to go directly to Dark Harbor, Me., with the children, and the ambassador to make an address or two before sailing on June 23 for England. He will only be gone six weeks or so, and on his return he will join Lady Geddes at the comfortable cottage at Dark Harbor, where the summer embassy will be established.

The counselor of the embassy, Henry Getty Chilton, who has been at home on leave, was due in New York yesterday and presumably got in. He will be charge d'affaires during the ambassador's absence and probably will be kept pretty close to Washington. Mrs. Chilton, who remained on here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. O'Brien, while her husband was abroad, has put off making summer plans pending his return.

The Commercial Counselor and Mrs. John Joyce Broderick expect to go to Deer Park, Md., for the summer months. Mrs. C. E. D. Bridge, wife of the Assistant military attaché, has a cottage in Massachusetts, where she is now established, and where her husband joins her when he can be spared from his duties. Hugh V. Tennant, who is the ambassador's secretary, is accompanying Sir Auckland Geddes to England. Capt. Clarence J. Henry, honorary attaché, has sailed for home on two months' leave. And presumably the other bachelor attachés will take turns being "on duty" at Dark Harbor.

Mrs. M. M. Mahoney, wife of the representative of Canadian external affairs at the British embassy, with their little daughter, Ann Kathleen, has also gone away. She started for Cornwall, Canada, where they will spend two weeks with Mrs. Mahoney's parents before opening their summer home on Stanley Island, Lake St. Francis.

## Benefit Bridge for Community House

A CARD party will be given for the benefit of St. Gabriel's carnival at the Catholic Community House, 801 E. street, on Wednesday evening, June 14, at 8 o'clock. The committee in charge has secured some very handsome prizes. Players are requested to bring their playing cards.

## SPOTLIGHTS NOW CONVERGE UPON THE JUNE BRIDE

### Important Weddings of the Past and Future

THE story of the Hughes-Waddell wedding in all its picturesque detail is printed elsewhere in The Times, but a word here about a grist of other charming brides. While the wedding of Miss Hughes and Chauncey Lockhart Waddell was going on, Miss Marcia Bracken Thom, of Wyoming, was being married to Lieut. Homer W. Lysted, U. S. A., the ceremony taking place at the home of Senator and Mrs. John B. Kendrick, and another wedding in which Washingtonians were mightily interested was being solemnized out of Washington.

This was the marriage of Miss Anne Wickes Craven, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Thomas T. Craven, and Lieut. Rodman de Kay, U. S. N. It took place up at Jamestown, R. I., where the Cravens have a summer home, leaving us all with a feeling of being cheated, since Anne Craven made her debut here and Washington never ceases to feel a proprietary interest in its navy buds, although the vicissitudes of the service may take them far away. Moreover, in Miss Craven's large wedding party were a group of Washington girls, Miss Minnie Veeder, Miss Martha Harris and Miss Georgina Hicks, besides Miss Gordon Woodbury, daughter of a former Assistant Secretary of the Navy; the Misses Harriet and Aroostine Scates, daughters of Rear Admiral Scates; Miss Catherine Wharton Morris, of Philadelphia; Miss Jocelyn Parker, of Boston; the Misses Catherine and Sylvia de Kay, Mrs. J. Bertram Lippincott and Miss Zaydee de Jonge.

ANOTHER of the week's important weddings was the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Miller Smith, sister of Mrs. Marlborough Churchill, to Charles Edwin Fletcher Clarke, of New York, which took place at the home of Col. and Mrs. Churchill here. Mr. Clarke is an officer or director in half a dozen big companies and belongs to the best clubs both in New York and Baltimore. His home is in Rye, and it is there that he will take his bride, a Massachusetts girl.

THEN, up at West Point Miss Frances Smith, granddaughter of Mrs. Charles Bailey, became the bride of Capt. Leo J. Eiler, U. S. A., the ceremony on Tuesday taking place there because it is at the Point that the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Major and Mrs. John B. Bennett, are stationed. And down in Atlanta, Lieut. John O. Donaldson, famous wartime flyer, was married to Miss Harriet McCullough, the wedding being solemnized on Saturday, June 3.

Both weddings were of unusual interest here, for Mrs. Bailey and her granddaughters spent the winter of 1920-1921 here and the two girls were presented to society in Washington. And Lieutenant Donaldson is the son of Col. and Mrs. T. Q. Donaldson, who are among the most popular members of Washington's army contingent.

The marriage of Miss Grace Colgate and Major Stanley Rumbough, which took place in New York, likewise had its "Washington angle," for the Rumboughs have many connections in Washington and Major Rumbough's mother has lived here a good deal.

WHEN it comes to "dealing in futures," there are all sorts of weddings in the offing. On June 17, Miss Henrietta Burrell is to wed James A. G. Campbell, the ceremony taking place in St. Alban's Church; and on June 20 will come the marriage of Miss Catherine Marriott, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden Marriott, and Lieut. Wilson Burnett Higgins in St. Margaret's Church. On the same day Miss Coral Roberts will become the bride of Stephen F. Filker, Mt. Pleasant Methodist Church being the scene of the wedding.

Mrs. James Marion Johnston's daughter, Miss Eleanor Johnston, has selected June 24 for her marriage to Major Charles Lacey Hall—remember when he was stationed here?—and the ceremony will take place at St. John's, with a reception afterward at the bride's home. Miss Jane Boyd is to be the only bridesmaid, and there will be a little flower girl besides the group of ushers.

It is on June 24 also that Miss Virginia Sutherland is to marry Dr. George Marshall Lyon, of West Virginia. This, however, is another wedding in which Washington will be cheated, for it is to take place at the home of the Sutherlands in Elkins, W. Va. The interesting feature of this wedding is the fact that the bride's four sisters, Mrs. John Walker, of Huntington, W. Va., and the Misses Katherine, Margaret and Elizabeth Sutherland, are to be her attendants.

MISS ELEANOR HILL WEED, daughter of Mrs. Helena Hill Weed, suffrage leader, who is studying medicine at Columbia University, will wed Dr. James Clayton Sharp, of the Columbia faculty, and will practice medicine after her marriage. The engagement has just been announced. Miss Weed is a granddaughter of the late Congressman Ebenezer Hill, who represented a Connecticut district in the House for twenty years.



## HARDINGS VISIT FRELINGHUYSENS IN NEW JERSEY

THE PRESIDENT AND MRS. HARDING took part in the ceremonies at Princeton when the battle monument was unveiled, as they had planned. But instead of putting in the week end with Senator and Mrs. Joseph S. Frelinghuysen at Raritan, N. J., as had probably been their original intention, they hastened back to be here for Miss Catherine Hughes' wedding, and made their little visit to the Frelinghuysens before going to Princeton.

They left here on Thursday morning and spent that night at Senator and Mrs. Frelinghuysen's beautiful farm, where they have so often been guests, spending Friday at Princeton. A busy day it was, for in addition to helping to unveil the monument President Harding was given an honorary LL.D. degree and in the evening there was a reception at the home of the president of the university, Dr. John Grier Hibben, and Mrs. Hibben. Mr. Harding is the twelfth President to receive a degree from Princeton University. Abraham Lincoln, William Howard Taft and Woodrow Wilson being among his predecessors, and there was a good deal of pomp and ceremony attendant upon its bestowal.

The Hardings' trip broke into their week, but they seemed to be doing something pretty much every day until their departure. On Monday evening they went to Keith's, taking several friends from Ohio with them. Next day Mrs. Harding was hostess aboard the Mayflower and then, on Wednesday, came the White House garden party for the wounded veterans.



## SUPREME COURT OFF FOR SUMMER VACATION PERIOD

THE Supreme Court is showing symptoms of a bad attack of "vacationitis."

"The first symptoms made their appearance some time ago and by now practically the entire court has been seriously affected."

The Chief Justice and Mrs. Taft sailed yesterday for Europe, the first of the Supreme Court circle to break away from Washington. Justice Taft is to lecture at the University Extension School at Oxford and will be much feted by the British bar. They will return after a short stay abroad and then Justice Taft and some other members of the court are planning to attend the American Bar Association meeting in California in August.

Justice Day left last week for Canton, Ohio, where he will remain a short time before going to his summer cottage at Mackinac, his favorite vacation ground for twenty years. Justice Clarke is going to his home in Cleveland and has not formulated his plans beyond that. Justice McKenna will remain here about ten days before joining Mrs. McKenna at the Long Island summer home of their daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Pitt Duffield. Justice Reynolds is "just going back to his old Kentucky home," and has declined all engagements except an address at Vanderbilt University.

Justice Pitney and Mrs. Pitney have not concluded their vacation plans. Their daughter, Miss Beatrice Pitney, has but recently returned from abroad. She is to be a debutante next season and her family has been awaiting her return from Europe to formulate their summer plans.



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## SERBIANS HOLD LONG-DISTANCE WEDDING FETE

### Reception Here Celebrates King's Marriage to Princess

A PICTURESQUE incident—and one that appealed to one's imagination and contributed not a little to the variety of a decidedly various week—was the Serbian legation's wedding reception in honor of the marriage of King Alexander and Princess Marie of Rumahia. It was rather a long distance wedding reception, but it was decidedly interesting and one felt sorry that it was too big to be accommodated at the legation, Rauscher's being decided upon instead. One feels that it must have lost some of its national flavor in the transfer.

Nevertheless, they succeeded very well in imparting the atmosphere of the Balkans to familiar Rauscher's, for the first thing that strikes the eye on mounting the stairs was the bright colored Serbian peasant garb of the musicians who were playing Serbian airs. And the reception room beyond were hung with giant Serbian flags—blue, white and red, but striped crosswise instead of up and down as in the French flag.

Farther on in the ballroom another orchestra played, one more familiar, perhaps, with the jazz music of the day, and the smooth floor invited dancing. This was not quite so popular, perhaps, as it would have been had the day been cooler, but there were plenty keen enough on dancing to brave the heat.

THE Serbian Minister and Mme. Grouitch had the entire legation staff receiving with them, and the diplomatic corps seems to have turned out pretty much in its entirety to do them honor. They would, not only because this was a highly official occasion, but because Dr. Grouitch and his charming American wife are exceedingly popular members of the corps.

I saw Mrs. Coolidge, just leaving as I was going in, to my regret; and the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes and the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand, heading the diplomatic contingent. And the District government was represented by Commissioner and Mrs. Cuno Rudolph and Col. Charles Keller, the Engineer Commissioner, and Mrs. Keller.

Mrs. Rudolph told me, by the way, that this was also her wedding day. She and her husband were celebrating their twenty-first anniversary; and she was carrying two or three of the white roses, a great box of them, which he had sent her, and which had arrived just as they were starting out.

OF course, the main topic of conversation throughout the afternoon was the romantic wedding taking place across the seas. One heard of picturesque Balkan customs, centuries old, faithfully carried out at the union of this young Balkan king to the daughter of a monarch of another of the little mountain kingdoms.

The American colony in Belgrade had an amusing time securing permission to view the parade from the church to the royal palace. They had built a grandstand, holding about 150, and discovered after their arrangements were complete that only "persons of importance" were to be permitted seats. Yankee ingenuity, however, succeeded in overcoming the obstacles, and the American spectators gravely went under aliases passing the critical eye of the native police. Among the persons who, according to the police records, viewed the procession from the American grandstand, were President Harding, James J. Jeffries, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, James K. Hackett and William Jennings Bryan.



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## GARDEN PARTY FOR WAR VETERANS OUTSTANDING EVENT OF WEEK; RED LETTER DAY IN MANY DRAB LIVES

### President and Mrs. Harding Perfect Hosts to Wounded Veterans at White House for a Day

SOMEONE has penned a poignant phrase about the men who are paying "through years and years and hell and hell" the price of the war; and the words kept running through my head as I watched the line file by the President and Mrs. Harding at their garden party on Wednesday for the wounded veterans. Such a pitiful line, men with an arm gone, or a leg, or both; men with their limbs encased in strange instruments of torture; blind men on the arms of their buddies, and men who showed no wounds on their bodies, but bore the scars of battle on their faces.

But they seemed so bright and cheery, almost to a man, and so bent on having a good time that there was nothing to do but swallow in one's throat and do one's bit toward their entertainment. Moreover, it was encouraging to look back to the garden party given last year for the wounded veterans and realize how many more there had been on that occasion. Why, that time it seemed hours from the moment the President and Mrs. Harding greeted their first guests until they shook hands with the last arrival, whereas on Wednesday the formal reception was over in less than an hour and the President and Mrs. Harding were free to mingle with their guests in friendly fashion, taking with them in little groups and apparently enjoying their frank and frequently funny comments.

Patients from pretty much the same institutions were included at both parties—Walter Reed, the Naval Hospital, St. Elizabeth's, the Evergreen Institute for the Blind and several others—so presumably the boys are getting well and going home to take up their lives again.

THIS time the pathetic "chair cases," each with a Red Cross nurse or a "gray lady" in attendance, were drawn up under the trees; and before beginning to shake hands in the regular way, the President and Mrs. Harding made their way around this semicircle, with an apt and cheery word for each man, quite as they are accustomed to greeting the guests assembled for an official dinner.

Their comrades kept crowding in, impatient to grasp the President's hand, but Mrs. Harding laughingly waved them away with "Wait, wait, you boys will have to come to us," and in a few moments they had their station on their little "prayer rug," as Washington has dubbed the little gray rug on which they stand. Another moment and they had gathered General Pershing into line.

Don't the Hardings always do the right thing? Those men could not have stood down a long line but many a face was even further illumined at the chance to shake hands with Pershing! Hughes or Coolidge, Weeks or Denby—these would have meant nothing to them. Young Roosevelt might, for he was over there, he too was wounded, and will bear the marks of the fight to his death, even as they will. But Pershing! with no irreverence meant, their god of battles! It was good that he should be there to greet them. One sometimes hears General Pershing's popularity little here in Washington. People laugh tolerantly at him as a social lion—the ladies' pet, hero of a hundred teas, and all that sort of thing. I wish they could have been there and seen how very thoroughly he is a man among men—and

how well these men who had faced hell under him knew it!

I REMEMBER that at the party last year there was a bit of constraint at first. The boys were a bit awed at being guests at the White House and a bit on their "company manners" until it was borne in upon them that they were expected to enjoy themselves in their own way. This time, however, they knew the ropes, most of them, and by the time the party was well under way groups of lads were seated about on the grass chattering and eating ice cream, or strolling up and down listening to the music, or flirting with the pretty girls from the Veterans' Bureau, one representing each State in the Union and one each for Hawaii and Porto Rico, who were Mrs. Harding's special assistants. And before the afternoon was over they were inspecting the state apartments in the White House, drinking in everything of interest and asking questions sixteen to the dozen of the ladies or the White House attendants who acted as clerks.

Even the lads in wheel chairs had an opportunity to see the Executive Mansion if the spirit moved them, for an elevator took them to the drawing-room floor and there were many willing hands to push them about.

IT was hot, even on the usually cool White House lawns, but the President looked as comfortable as you please in his immaculate white flannel trousers and blue sack coat, finished off with a polka dotted tie. And the very gracious First Lady next to him wore a cool frock of black and white. It was fashioned of white georgette, with panels of black georgette, and a delicate tracery of jet beads on the white. The panel front was crossed at intervals with narrow bands of the jet embroidery and jet buttons caught the bands of black with which the elbow sleeves were finished.

Mrs. Harding's lovely silvery hair—and I don't believe there's a woman in Washington who doesn't envy her hair—gleamed softly under her big hat of semi-transparent horse hair braid, which was ornamented with drooping plumes, of glycerized ostrich falling over one shoulder. A line of black—patent leather presumably—appeared about the top of her white pumps and despite the heat she wore long white gloves wrinkled to the elbow. She carried a small black painted fan—and used it, too, whenever there was a break in the line.

PRIMARILY a party for the war wounded, nobody else counted much, unless it were the nurses, in their trim blue and white, and the other women who had worked shoulder to shoulder with the men during the war. But many of the shining lights of the Administration were there, helping in the entertainment of the special guests. The Vice President and Mrs. Coolidge came early, and, although the former slipped away soon—having a commencement address to make at the American University and, perhaps, a feeling that he was needed at the Senate, Mrs. Coolidge lingered. A charming figure

she made in her gray canton crepe gown, eyeset embroidered and worn with a big black hat; and I never see her without the line from the old song about "the sunshine of your life" coming into my head.

Much interest centered about the Secretary of State and Mrs. Hughes, who had Miss Catherine Hughes with them—for all the world loves a lover and more particularly a bride. The Secretary of War and Mrs. Weeks were present, too, and such others of the Cabinet as were in town—Secretary Mellon and his slim young daughter, Miss Alice Mellon; Attorney General Daugherty, the Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Wallace. She had on a peach-colored crepe frock, embroidered in white and made with cascaded side draperies, and there were sprays of flame-colored wheat about the crown of her big gray hat. It was a daring costume for her to wear, with her flaming red hair, yet it was lovely and most becoming.

MRS. WORK, wife of the Postmaster General, and Mrs. Fall, wife of the Secretary of the Interior, came together, and by some curious chance were dressed almost alike. Both wore graceful gowns of gray georgette and silk lace dyed to match, and each topped off her costume with a lavender hat wreathed in plumes. There was a slight difference in the shade of the gowns, and Mrs. Fall's hair was of the new periwinkle shade, while Mrs. Work's bordered more on orchid, yet the similarity was striking.

Then, there were the Wainwrights and the Roosevelts—Assistant Secretaries of War and Navy respectively, although for the moment Colonel Roosevelt is also "Acting Secretary of the Navy." Both Mrs. Wainwright and Mrs. Roosevelt were notable war workers. Mrs. Roosevelt somehow got over to Europe before the rule against both husbands and wives going over was instituted. She served as a Y. W. C. A. worker—and worked hard. Mrs. Wainwright stayed on this side of the water while her husband went overseas, but she and her daughter, Miss Fionrose Wainwright, both gave up everything to work at Evergreen, the Red Cross hospital for the blind. Mrs. Wainwright seemed to know every one many of the men, personally and was on the friendliest terms with them and their nurses. She's a very lovely woman, with her white hair and her brown eyes, and she looked her best on Wednesday in a gown of the orchid tint that she likes to wear and which suits her wonderfully. All in periwinkle blue was little Mrs. Roosevelt—an embroidered organdie frock and a big garden hat, with a cluster of blue and pink hyacinths massed at the side.

(Continued on Next Page.)

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